

Pop-Sec-Cul

# MAGAZINE

February-March

35 cents

Quebec history  
as you've never  
known it

Robert Charlebois  
meets Harold Town  
(in Toronto!)

R. Meltzer on booze

Sexual Politics  
& The Sensual Woman  
reviewed

FLQ quickies:  
the complete lo-down

John Lennon, Phil  
Spector, the Everly Bros.  
and Elton John

The Mod Squad,  
Ironside  
& Five Easy Pieces

The world's worst  
pool players

Leonard Cohen  
& Robert Hershorn  
trade words

Some poems by  
JESSE WINCHESTER

More!  
more!  
more!



# THE BLUES



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Lightnin' Hopkins In New York

Leadbelly

Otis Spann Is The Blues  
The Story of the Blues  
Bukka White, Parchman Farm

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# MAGAZINE

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# My trip to Toronto (ugh)

And back.

Starring Robert Charlebois, Harold Town, Toronto's finest and a cast of thousands.

by JUAN RODRIGUEZ

*Toronto is Wayne & Shuster country. I once saw Johnny Wayne (or was it Frank Shuster, or was it both -- on different occasions?) walking along Ste. Catherine Street wearing dark sunglasses. It was a sunny day.*

Last summer some people in T-O decided that they'd put on a rock festival. Not just any rock festival, this one'd have wheels (!); they'd get the CN and take a whole trainload of rock 'n' rollers across Canada, from Montreal to Toronto to Winnipeg to Calgary. They'd get Janis Joplin and The Band and Delaney & Bonnie and a lot of today's R&R stars and it'd be somethin' fer them too. They'd call it the Festival Express.

The Montreal portion of the Express was cancelled because of some unexpected tension (bombingsFLQcop-separatism) so it opened in Toronto, instead, which was only fitting because this was, after all, a Toronto brain-storm.

I took the RAPIDO up there Saturday morning and checked into the Sutton Place Hotel, which is one of the ritziest, if not the ritziest, joint in all of Toronto. I've never seen so much *formica* in my life. In fact, I hardly knew what the word meant until I went to the Sutton Place. I always used to envy writers like Tom Wolfe or Richard Goldstein who used the word *formica* with such authority, and I hadn't the slightest idea what they were referring to. Now I know. You see it all over the Place, *formica* counters, *formica* bureaux, *formica* bathrooms, *formica* nite-tables (they don't even bother with ARBOR-ITE anymore, lo-grade stuff). It doesn't help you get that lived-in, welcome feeling because *formica* does not live-in; it stays the same impassive way all the time. You can do something to wood -- but *formica dares* you to do anything to it, beat it, destroy it if you will, but you'll always come out on the short end of things because it's indestructible.

Someone told me that they're gonna have trouble with the plumbing at the Sutton Place because they over-shot their budget in the building of the place and put in cheap pipes, that won't last too long to help minimize costs. In time they're gonna have to change the whole plumbing system because the water will get poisoned, but they can't do this either because it'll be ridiculously expensive so they'll probably rip the Place down and put up something else. So get down there before it's too late.

But there was trouble at the Festival. The prices had been set at something like \$20 for the two-day sheebang and the fans thought this was too much. A lot of them

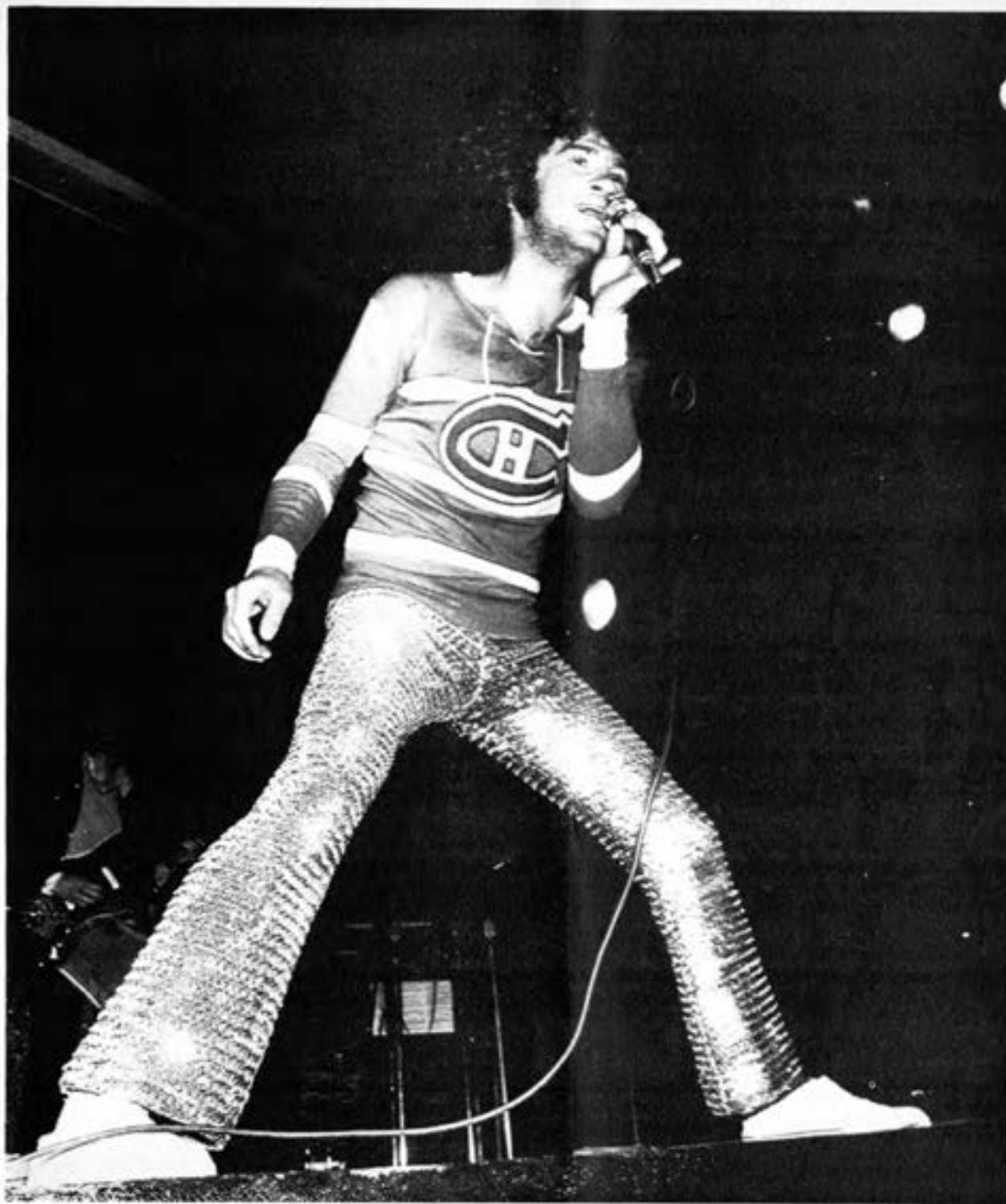
kids got high and tried to crash. The Toronto Police were there, though, and so were their horses. There was also some clubbing and all of Toronto was talking about the VIOLENCE. It was on radio. Cooler heads were trying to prevail. Boutique salesmen on Yonge Street were shaking their heads it was so bad the violence.

I arrived on the scene about four o'clock Saturday afternoon, a very sunny afternoon, and there were a lot of fans there though not nearly as many as the promoters and backers (Eaton's and Maclean's) had expected. Toronto cops were very friendly -- well, friendly compared to Montreal—but they were uptight and nervous. The VIOLENCE, you see. They checked your press credentials as tightly as they did in Chicago '68 or Montreal '70. In T-O people get nervous when they see someone *jay-walking*! Everyone waits at the lights in Toronto, it could be the emptiest street in the city but they'd wait for the green until they'd cross. There's also special pedestrian cross-walks; all you have to do is step on it --and cars come to a sudden halt. Drivers there know what'll happen to them if they mow you down, so they don't.

The first person I saw wandering under the backstage scaffolding was Ritchie Yorke, the famous Toronto pop critic who comes from Australia and has made a fortune being associated with John Lennon and other big entertainment stars. He was wearing some tie-dye and was floating around grooving, as were others on the scene because they were all high and havin' a good time.

Out on the field, where they normally hold football games and horse shows, there were a lotta kids groovin' and some were foisting balloons, too. Some people, in fact a lot of them, were stretched out getting a sun-tan. No one was on stage playing, as it took the groups about an hour to set and tune up. Things were running behind schedule and the organizers were frantically rushing about backstage ("I haven't slept for three days!") and Delaney & Bonnie couldn't show because Bonnie was sick in Houston or some place like that.

But Robert Charlebois was available so they put him on at 5:30 when it was still light and fans were coming and going for supper. Charlebois had a tough time. The sound (Hanley of Boston, the "best") went crazy and you could only hear the drums and a few trumpets. Charlebois was like a puppet up there, dancing and great, yet deaf & dumb. You saw Philippe Gagnon playing fiddle but you couldn't hear him.



QUEBECOIS LAYS THEM IN THE AISLES — Robert Charlebois, wearing a Canadian hockey sweater and sequined bell-bottoms, belts out one of his songs during the two-day Pop Festival held in Toronto over the weekend.

Charlebois did a rousing closing number (he was lost up there), then left practically unnoticed. "When are Ten Years After comin' on?"

Backstage, Harold Town was waiting for Charlebois. Harold Town is one of Toronto's biggies: a painter by trade but also an *enfant terrible* — the type of guy who tells officialdom where to go but eats with them at the same time — and, plus, he's billed as the fuzziest sideburns in all of Canada. Harold was pissed back there and he had a bunch of fans with him, people who'd look up to him as if he was God himself, they'd lap up his every word with a gleeful-desperate eye and watery mouth (Harold is on TV a lot; he shocks a lot of folks).

Town was wearing torn jeans and an ascot and stuff like that and he practically *stormed* up to Charlebois and assaulted him with compliments. A photographer should've been there to take a shot because the expression on Charlebois' face was amazing: confused, trying to be polite, trying to get into the Toronto rap, trying to get out of it at the same time.

"Row-bear, you were great, just great, keep up the good work, your talent will be recognized, don't worry about the response here, they don't *understand*, Row-bear, but your music is *universal*, perhaps you could sing a few more songs in English, you've got to make a few compromises to get through to these people be-

Gesser Enterprises presents



Delaney & Bonnie  
John Hammond



Place des Arts, Salle Wilfrid-Pelletier  
February 28 6:00 p.m. & 10:00 p.m.

cause your talent is too great to get lost, blah, blah, blah

I almost got into a fight with the guy -- this could've been the great Toronto Mailer-Hemingway toughie scene of all-time—because I said a lot of young English fans liked Charlebois in Montreal and that language seemed to be no barrier and he said "You just think you're the only one to discover Charlebois, well, I can see thru all you Westmount creeps, they're all the same in Montreal", and I felt like slugging him right there. As it turned out, he kept on talking for about half an hour and Charlebois and Mouffe and Pierre Nadeau nodded their heads and smiled kindly and then left.

This guy who owned a green Mustang took us back to Charlebois' hotel. All through the drive he was telling us how he was gonna make 2 million bucks in this "total-media" scheme he was cooking up. "The Americans want it, but no sir I'm gonna do it right here in Canada, make 'em wait." You could say black is white, anything, and this guy would slap his hands on the wheel and shriek "Wowyeah!"

We got back to the hotel and everyone flaked out and drank beer and gin and talked of better times to come. Charlebois complained about his career, it's not going right, it's now or never, he was disappointed with his record company, felt everyone was against him.

When we got back to the CNE, the Grateful Dead were finishing off, they were good, the crowd was in a fine mood and Charlebois was looking for his guitar. He went crazy with worry. This was his new aluminum guitar, custom job. It turned up as part of the Grateful Dead's equipment after half an hour's running around. Maybe Winnipeg would be better. . . he left while the Band were playing, muttering "You call them good?" shaking his head. True enough, the Band, everlovin' Toronto's Band, weren't made for Festival conditions. The sound system was awful and they gave a concert performance, which unfortunately is inappropriate for the outdoors.

Suddenly Saturday night was over. I went back to the Sutton Place, slept until 12:30, ordered brunch (\$5.00), walked around Yonge Street looking at the girlie magazines, and went to see Catch-22, which is an awful film. I didn't bother going back to the second night of the Festival, even though Janis Joplin was there. I had a pizza, paid up and went back to Montreal on the RAPIDO the following morning.







Robert Bourassa

# QUEBEC: We've been crying ever since...

*Le Petit Manuel d'Histoire du Quebec is a best-seller. It tells you what you didn't learn in school.*

by **ANDRE DUFRESNE**

I was a true sponge-student. The moment I saw a word in print, I never forgot it. It was no virtue on my part to remember so many great names and the myriad of facts. Us French kids had a hell of a lot more to learn than you Anglos: We also had the whole French regime to learn about. From 1608, when Samuel de Champlain founded Quebec City, to 1755 when the English made concentration camps out of the churches in Acadie prior to deporting its French-speaking habitants all the way to Louisiana.

There was La Vérendrye who headed west and invented the Rockies, and intendant Bigot whose nose stank. Which did not prevent him from being a rotten governor, finally absconding with all the funds he could steal. Tachereau and Duplessis had someone to learn from. Frontenac was a military-type governor who wanted to trade some VO to the Indians for their furs and confidence but he was stopped in time by Monsignor Laval who waved his purple sash at him in horror.

I found out later in life that this French rule was fraught with tremors of excitement. The French rulers had it rough, they even lost Quebec for a time to the English Kirk brothers back in 1629. The frogs were few in number then and, with Samuel de Champlain heading the pack, many of them went back to the mère-patrie. I gather Champlain never returned. He probably died of over-exertion carrying all his loot with him. He need not have done that because the English and the French later made a deal, in 1632, in some place called St. Germain-en-Laye and the French won out. My school teacher made this into a great victory for us. And when you know that 125 years later you are to 'suffer' the defeat to end them all, you relish whatever win you can get your nails into.

There were other important events the teacher injected into our dumb, malnourished brains: The Coming of The Sulpicians Fathers was one. There are now strong suspicions that the fantastic amount of acreage still owned by those same priests in the Sherbrooke-Atwater area is about to be sold for a housing development. You know the type: Rents as low as \$250. per month! This conspir-

acy of scorched-earth policy will make the 1968 Lafontaine Park riots at St. Jean Baptiste Day look like a nun picnic. Don't trust the black robes, as the aborigines used to say. And they should know.

Back to the frog regime: The word *frog*, or *gork* if you're sneaky and polite, comes from the fact that everytime the English barked, the French would jump. Things have changed a bit of course, now it's the other way around. Can't trust the natives anymore.

The teacher never told us that the French of the 17th century were the pioneers in the use of bacteriological warfare. In order to decimate the Iroquois; thus sparing gunpowder, the soldiers-in-blue (the English always wore red) would leave behind smallpox-infected army-and-navy surplus blankets and the Indians fell in them never to come out alive. Cute trick. The yankies copied it later against the Plains warriors.

Neither were we told that our 1660 hero Dollard des Ormeaux was not so intent in stopping the Iroquois from attacking Ville-Marie (Montreal), in a battle at Long-Sault, as in stealing their furs to pay off gambling debts. The real Dollard was more of a pimp than a merchant-soldier.

It was soon after Louis XIV climbed unto the throne that he made plans to make the colony more "rentable". It pays for itself (and fills the King's coffers), or we get out, he implied. So he created a 'sovereign council' made up of an intendant, a bishop and five councillors. These five were, of course, named by the first two. And then began the second rule, that of the clergy.

The idea was to officially spread God's word. Louis helped matters by sending the 1,300 strong Carignan-Salieres regiment. The men in blue. They proceeded to convert the Indians. Mostly by killing, raping and burning their crops. After each victory they sang the Te Deum, because La Marseillaise was not yet invented. In school I was told the Indians were a bloody bunch of pagans. And one can't suffer pagans around.

Old Louis was a fine planner. While the natives were being vietnamized (things were arranged so that tribes also fought against other tribes), the great man sent over



**Camil Samson**

boat-loads of girls to help populate the villages. They were called *les filles du Roy*. The poor teenagers were actually unwanted bastards, orphans or habitual prostitutes with no choice in the matter. Then came cattle, ploughs and horses. Intendent Talon set the marriage age at 18 for the boys, 14 for the girls and even lower for the cattle.

In school, I was told everything was beautiful, the people were happy, content in basking under the benevolent mantle of some great god keeping a kindly eye over the St. Lawrence valley. Then the roof fell in. Montcalm won a last victory in 1758, Wolfe beat the shit out of the drunken French in 1759 and the Reds took over in 1763. In the classroom we were made to cry at the thought of the French flags being burned rather than surrendered. The idea was to soften us. Mustn't get mad at learning about defeats, you know.

We've been crying ever since.

The English were nice according to the text-books. They allowed us our Faith and our Joul. Whatever leaders we had were allowed to leave for France, carrying their loot. Those who were not rich, the farmers, the woodsmen, the fur traders and the low-class soldiers, were told their money was now worth nothing. So everyone became poor.

8 POP-SEE-CUL

The priests were allowed to stay for a couple of reasons. First because the English needed bodies to communicate with the rabble and to help in controlling those elements which might not have been readily inclined to submit to the rules of no weapons, no money, expropriations and that sort of cultural 'improvements'. Another reason was that the status of the black robe in the old country was getting lower and lower. So low that by 1789 some guy was writing an opera called *Chénier* (?) in which heads of state were to roll and the clergy's power was to be cut down by roughly the same means. The rumors were rife and our men of the cloth listened attentively. They stayed. From hereon I did not learn much in school. Everything was rosy. According to the history hack-writers of the thirties.

Let's see now. Yeah, the Quebec Act in 1774. The canyons got one thing from this act: Civil rights and matters of property could now be settled under the French code while acts of a criminal nature would be tried under the British system. In other words the new bosses would judge all that could be a serious encroachment to the system.

One strange exception: wills and testaments. The English keep that under their control although it has nothing to do with the criminal codes. The intent is to have lands and buildings returned to the state when a 'seigneur' or landowner dies. It must not go to just anybody, like the dumb, ignorant tenants who have been tilling the soil for generations.

Our books also taught us how brave we were in helping London try to put down the yankee revolt in the 13 colonies to the South. That one always smelled funny to me. Few of the canyons actually joined the forces led by the British, although the clergy did all it could to support the draft.

Thousands of yanks were kicked out or had to flee at the conclusion of that revolution. Those who came here were quickly installed on prime land around lakes Ontario and Erie. These loyal citizens having already had a taste of some form of democracy, realized the Canadian system was very much controlled by the monarch over there. So they asked and got the 1791 Constitution, resulting in a representation in government.

The English locals, preferred the old system under which they already owned and controlled about 90% of everything. The French clergy, and a tiny elite, was not too keen on the change either. A representativity of the people was unwarranted, they felt. The Act split Canada in two halves, Lower and Upper.

In the 1792 elections, the French elected 35 members against 15 for the English (not bad considering the English is only one-fifteenth of the population). London still named both the Executive and Legislative Councils. The first had nine Englishmen and seven Frenchmen, the second had five and four.

(Well, you take what you can get, witness the April 29 elections.)

By that time there had been a revolution in France. Hardly mentioned in our history manual. Some canyons are not totally asleep and become aware that changes are not impossible. There is unrest. The economic situation, never good for the people, deteriorates and the clergy and the seigneurs are becoming suspect. The change in France is a bad omen for them. (There's a shipment of 20,000 rifles bound here from France but it's intercepted in time.)

There was a bold London move around 1800 to allow 50 or so French priests kicked out of France to come over and establish colleges and schools. The "collège classique" was born. In these was propagated a way of life respectful of authority and the establishment. It served to train lawyers, notaries, priests (many, many) and some doctors. Never mind accounting, engineering, the industrial revolution, emancipation and ideas of freedom.





Claude Wagner

Duplessis slogan "the less you know, the better" was anchored for generations to come.

The facts are that the Quebec people are by then fed to the teeth with a situation of poverty. There are riots in 1794 when peasants fight with their fists english-speaking government agents trying to enforce regulations on Sunday gang-work to build roads.

The clergy has lost the confidence of the people. There are threats of excommunication to those who preach the example of American revolutionaries and such thoughts and writings as those of Voltaire and Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

The people eventually got an ally. The newspaper *Le Canadien*, founded in 1806, explained to its readers that the 1791 Constitution gave them the right to elect their men to govern them and the right to these men to form political parties who would represent the people's interests in the government. *Le Canadien* went on to denounce and expose the Governor's system of patronage and the land speculations in all parts of Lower Canada.

By 1807 Governor Craig is more and more upset. He calls *Le Canadien* "seditious and defamatory". At election time the *Parti Canadien* gets a majority of deputies. In reply, Craig dissolves the assembly. More elections in 1810 and the *Parti Canadien* wins again on a platform of kicking out a whole gaggle of crooked judges who wield too much influence. Craig allows the judges to be gotten rid of, excepting De Bonne, the most sold-out of a sorry lot. Craig's action is too little and too late. He dissolves the Assembly a second time and throws *Le Canadien's* editor in jail. The streets are now patrolled. The mail service is suspended. Craig does not let up. He's acting like a madman. Three founders of *Le Canadien*, lawyers Bédard and Taschereau and doctor Blanchet are put in jail without trial. More elections, in which the three are elected again. But they remain in jail. By now Craig has run out of ideas and he sends a secretary to London for suggestions.

These are: Quebec must be anglicized. By immigration, massively, from the south, and by uniting Upper and Lower Canada. Another suggestion is that in order to win over the recalcitrant assembly, it must be made to disappear. And if that proves impossible (like too many riots) a rule must be made that only landlords can run for election. Another one is that more representativity be allowed to the Eastern Townships, which is 100% English. Another

London suggestion is the right to name heads of parishes be taken away from the bishops and turned over to the Governor.

It all amounts to a repeal of the 1791 Constitution, inasmuch as the "rights" then given to the French, and a return to the 1763 conquest regime. Craig wants out and London agrees with him.

The deal can't be made. The reason is that the English have another little problem. This time south of the border. The war starts in 1812 and the Lower Canayens have a period of respite. By 1818 it's all over and the border between Canada and the US is set to what it is now.

The crisis which Craig was unable to control was far from over. The people organised to fight their own 'leaders', who had done little except put themselves in good jobs.

There is more than just the fact of people tired of being suppressed: For example, the Assembly has by now collected fairly large sums in taxes. The government has no right to these sums and its increasing expenditures are not met by London. The government wants the taxes. In 1820 Governor Dalhousie tries to pass his budget in the Assembly one chapter at a time rather than in whole, as is usually the case. The move backfires as the members discover a discrepancy of 96,000 Pounds. It is discovered that Minister of Justice Caldwell has used some of that to speculate on crown land. (In my youth such shenanigans were always done by frogs and I was never told about the patronage and crookedness in other provinces. No, the English were always fucking pure.)

The establishment prepares a plan to unite Upper and Lower Canada in order to drown the Quebec Assembly majority. London itself is divided on this. On this side the people are angry at learning about it and delegate Louis-Joseph Papineau to London armed with 60,000 name petition of protestors. He's well received. Governor Dalhousie is replaced by a more moderate man, Sir James Kempt. Papineau's *Parti Canadien* has won this inning. By 1830 Aylmer is governor and he tries a few quickies at the Assembly. The *Parti Canadien* is divided into moderates and radicals or 'patriotes'. These are no longer satisfied with two-bit concessions.

Unrest is worse than ever. During the 1832 elections the canayens demonstrate and English soldiers shoot in to the crowd, killing three. The officers are acquitted. At the first Assembly session a vote of censure goes against the governor and the budget is not voted upon. To meet

salaries and other expenses the governor takes 47,000 Pounds away from the Jesuits, monies earmarked for education. The dangers of immigration are now real. Over 50,000 English-speaking immigrants land every year. Imported cholera kills 3,000 in Quebec. A London-based company, the British American Land Company, buys 500,000 acres in the Eastern Townships as governor Aylmer plans for 600,000 more immigrants for that region and the Ottawa district.

At the 1834 session the patriots propose 92 resolutions. In short, the Legislative Council must become an elected group, the budget must be controlled by the Assembly, the Assembly must have the same powers as the British Parliament and in these resolutions there are threats of a declaration of independence and annexation with the United States.

The 92 resolutions are adopted. The Patriots gain full control of the Assembly in the late 1834 elections.

The economic situation is bad because of the financial troubles and the beginning of a depression in the USA.

The canayens take their money out of the Quebec Bank and the Bank of Montreal as Papineau suggests a boycott of English merchants. The English Tories meet to define a strategy. The patriots now remember the use of bouncers at previous elections and meetings and guess the Tories' real intentions.

In 1837 Governor Gosford (who replaced Aylmer two years earlier) has managed to soften the patriots somewhat by outlawing the British Rifle Corps, an armed band. His moderate tactics seduce a few patriots. But, through William Lyon MacKenzie, the Upper Canada rebel, the canayens learn that London has given Gosford carte blanche to annihilate the parti canadien. Meanwhile the Montreal English merchants are multiplying their verbal attacks and asking for an armed confrontation.

Then there are the recommendations from Lord Russell: There is to be no elected Legislative Council, no responsible Executive Council and if the Assembly refuses to vote in the budget its control is to be taken over by the Governor and, finally, the British American Land Company is to have its way.

The patriots decide to organize. In St. Ours on the Richelieu a meeting of 1,200 adopt 12 resolutions. The British oppressors are denounced in one. The fifth recognizes the friendship coming from the USA. The seventh states that only coercion ties the canayens to the English government. The eighth orders a boycott of importations such as tea, tobacco, rum and wines. It also legalizes contraband. The tenth asks all canayens to rally around Papineau and a 'Papineau tax' is created to gather funds. Two newspapers spread these resolutions at large: La Minerve and the Vindicator which is made by and for Irish sympathizers.

Gosford forbids patriots' meetings but allows English citizens to organize their "constitutional assemblies".

That same year, 1837, Queen Victoria gathers her skirts and climbs into business.

Gosford orders the Assembly to meet in August. The patriots refuse any "conciliation" and Gosford dissolves the Assembly. The patriots organize a para-military group, the Sons of Freedom, and the English do the same: The Doric Club is born.

In St. Charles 5,000 meet to elect their own sheriffs. Papineau worries and suggests relinquishing the use of arms in favour of trying again by constitutional means, while Doctor Wolfred Nelson says in a speech that "the time has come to melt down spoons and plates to make them into bullets". (This phrase I read in my history manual).

In it the violent months of 1837 and 1838 were covered in a few pages. A sort of apology for the ephemeral "victories" by the patriots, a watered version of some of the English excesses (such as the killing of dozens of patriots as they escaped, one by one), and burning a church where they had retrenched themselves (guerilla fighters they certainly were not). Little was said about some fiery leaders, such as Papineau, who had quietly slipped into the USA as soon as the going got rough. Nothing was said about many leaders who, having thus escaped, were later to be holding top positions in government.

We were not told that Le Canadien had become anti-patriot and pro-clergy before the fighting erupted. The newspaper La Minerve took over the slack but there was no mention of that in school.

Of the dozen hanged: one member of the Assembly, one student, two notaries, six farmers, one civil servant and one teacher. They left 21 children. Fifty-eight were deported to Australia (ugh) and 27 released on bail. Ex-leader Papineau came back from the USA and France in 1845. He was to sit in Parliament two years later until 1854.

In the six main battles the English lost 15 dead, 50 were wounded. The French counted 175 dead and 90 wounded. A rough total of 750 were arrested. One of the worst aspects of the "troubles" is the widespread destruction by fire of farms and churches. Whole families have lost all they have. In school, there was hardly any mention of the consequences of the rebellion. I do recall something about "well, that's what happens when people refuse to face realities and decide to take the law in their own hands".

Until I chanced upon the Petit Manuel d'Histoire du Québec, by Léandre Bergeron, I hadn't known that it was not so much hatred between French and English that led to dissension and the spilling of blood but, rather, a kind of struggle and conflict between those that had and those that did not.

**Fight Price Inflation: shop at the Cave.**

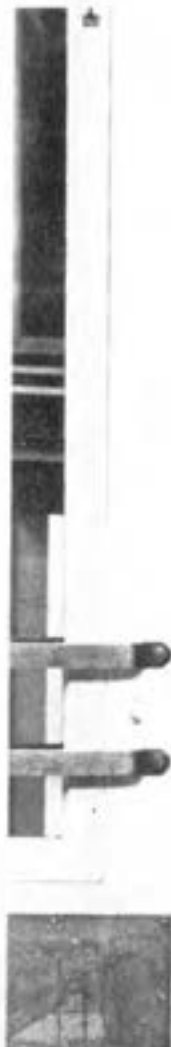


**RECORD CAVE**

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1238 Crescent 861-5950  
6760 St. Hubert 279-5783

# Time passes slowly

Photostory by Jerzy Przytyk





# BY JESSE WINCHESTER

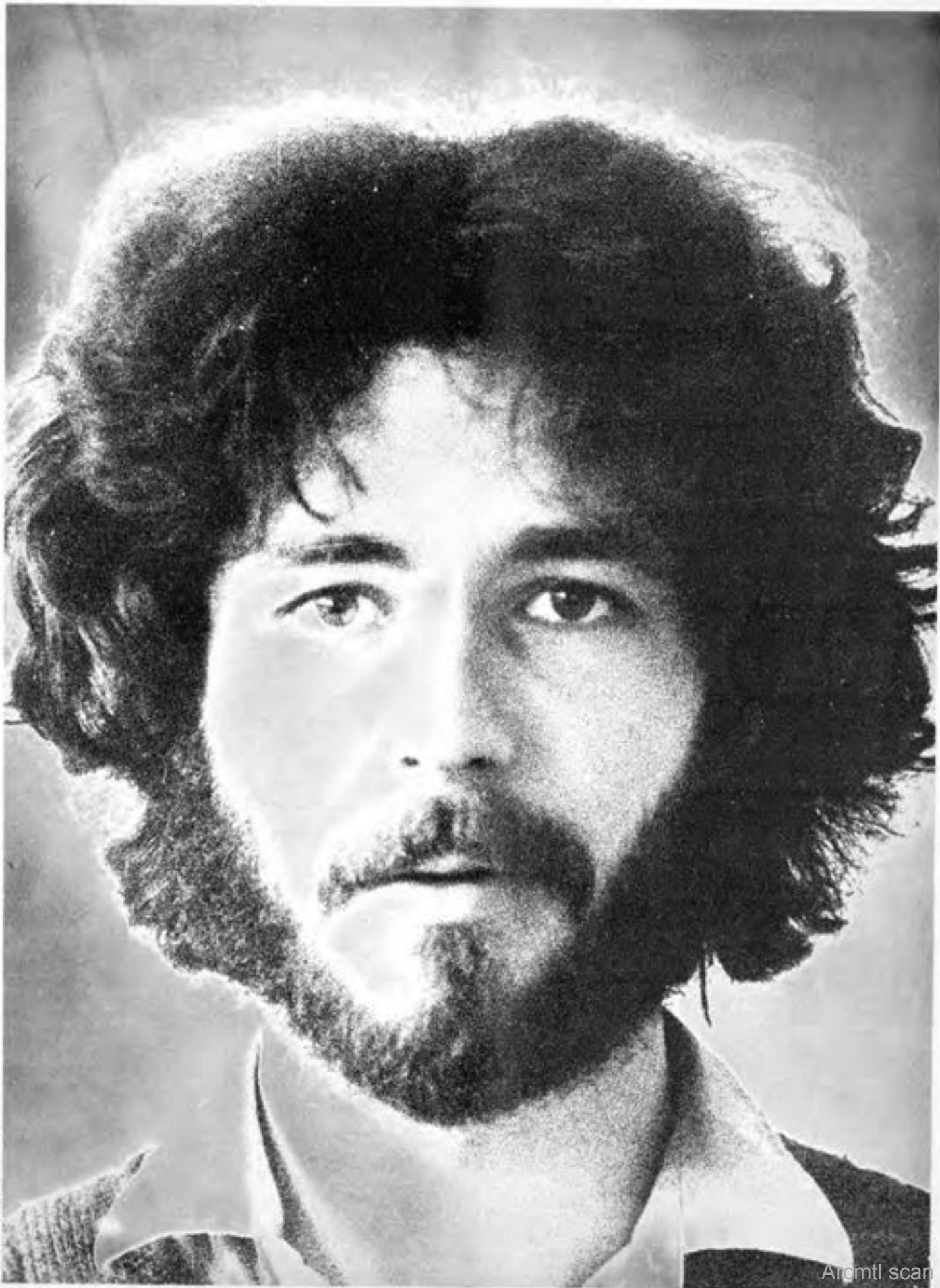
Turn on the power.  
Set the volume,  
Adjust the tone.  
Now --  
Get ready  
For some  
Real  
Listening  
Pleasure.  
Jesus!  
Would you please  
Raise the bass  
And  
Lower the treble?  
Thanks.

Now  
There's a great deal of  
Pain  
Involved in this  
Operation,  
So grab on to  
My hand  
And hold it tight.  
When it hurts,  
Just act like someone  
Who's suffering  
Something awful,  
And when it stops,  
Let's look  
At each other  
And  
Smile  
Knowingly.

If that toilet doesn't stop running  
Soon,  
I'm going to get out of bed  
And tear it off the wall.

In a dream  
I hear my name  
Being called a thousand times  
By a thousand different voices  
And I'm afraid.  
But then it's quiet again--  
My terror quota  
For this week  
Has been filled.  
Not so bad, really.

OK, Lord,  
I'll be one of the  
Crazy ones  
If you let me  
Swing on your swings --  
Deal?



# MOVIES: The Slightly Tarnished Gold-Plated West

*"You've been shot!" Another classic line from John Wayne*  
by **ARTHUR BARD**

Rio Lobo, Howard Hawkes' latest Western, makes no attempt to be anything more than an evening's diversion, and a banal diversion at that. This goal is evident from the opening sequence of a guitarist's hands playing his instrument, which serves as the background for the credits. That particular group of images has been repeated ad nauseum in innumerable amateur photo magazines and exhibits for the last fifty years. Out of sheer boredom, the sequence was varied by one shot made through the instrument, which is something of an improvement; Hollywood's only done that forty or fifty times.

This is all rather a shame because since everyone already knows that it's a JOHN "DUKE" WAYNE movie the only thing of interest that appears in the titles is the information that the second unit director is Yakima Canutt, in his heyday among the greatest of Hollywood stunt men.

All this raised the film above the level of pre-Leone hack western was the depiction of a train robbery wherein Canutt's athletic direction was evident. For the rest of the time the dull camera work prevented anything of cinematic interest occurring and the movie was chiefly engrossing for the astonishing view it offered of the Hollywood mentality in an acute state of degeneracy.

Our introduction to this mentality occurs with the first words spoken in the film. Opening scene: Railroad yard occupied by Union troops during the Civil War. Train pulls in, military guard forms, heavily padlocked strongbox is handed down to be transferred under armed escort to another train. One of the group of soldiers staggering beneath the weight of the strongbox addresses the officer in charge of the detail as follows, "This here box is pretty heavy." Officer replies, "Gold usually is."

Granted the mental equipment required for a John Wayne film is not excessive but the jolt received upon being treated as a perfect cretin sort of spoils the flow of the light show. Moreover, this incident of verbally redundant commentary is not

unique. A few moments later we see the Confederates preparing an ambush. They are standing around one of their number who is lying with his ear pressed against the rail and we hear, "I don't see how a man can tell a train is coming by listening to the rail." Happily this time the train arrives and we are spared an explanation.

Wayne seems to attract dialogue of that sort. One of his earliest films opens with the young hero riding along, guitar slung over his back, when he spies a distant huddled form. He spurs his trusty mount, gallops up to the shape which is now seen to be a man lying face down, and dismounts rapidly. Placing one hand upon the unfortunate's back and the other upon his shoulder Wayne turns him over. The man's grizzled head lolls about, his eyelids flutter in extremis. Wayne, removing his hand from behind the victim's back, gazes down at the wet dark stain on his palm and with suitably touching concern declares, "You've been shot."

Perhaps what was so disconcerting about watching Rio Lobo is that no one in the audience was laughing. I am still unsure as to whether or not the film was meant as Camp. It certainly wasn't being seen as such. There were takes evidently meant as humour. A dentist pretending to pull Wayne's tooth (so that the bad guys won't suspect he is actually passing him information) causes Wayne to scream by really jabbing him with a needle. In answer to Wayne's protest he explains that wouldn't have had to do it if Wayne had not been so bad an actor. Now, I don't find the thought of John Wayne being considered a bad actor laughable by any means.

Wayne is not an actor, he is a star. The role he plays is John Wayne, the big gruff overgrown adolescent American barbarian, whose aggressive competence is unruffled by anything as disturbing as an idea. A gun settles all the problems of the world and booze quells any questioning of self. The perfect patriot. He is the successful male imper-

sonator, as the feminine Hollywood sex symbols like Jane Mansfield and Raquel Welch are female impersonators. Give me Mitchum anytime.

By the way, one can tell the women in this film from the men because after they've shot someone they either faint or burst into tears. The film has a number of other lovable traits of the western as well. Implicit racism (as usual, no negroes) gets a little more explicit in this one. The romantic lead has explained that one of his parents was New Orleans French and the other Mexican, which of course has Big John calling him "Frenchy". Evidently no one finds it strange that he does not reciprocate by calling Wayne Limey.

The two females who, aside from the prostitutes, are sexually available are Mexicans or Mexican Americans. The female lead presumably a W.A.S.P., is a castrating prude "Frenchy". She asks Wayne in some wonderment whether all Mexicans are "like that. One kiss and he goes off like a rocket."

The scenario of this tawdry fantasy recounts Wayne's adventures in recovering a town from the bad guys who include the sheriff. This is accomplished wholesale extra-legal bloodletting. Evidently the assumption that moral right has no relation to legality and that power comes out of the barrel of a gun is as acceptable to the Birchite vigilantism of Wayne as it is to his political opposites.

Well maybe it is all in fun. The film has George Plimpton wandering around in it so they can't have taken it very seriously.

In Bob Rafelson and Adrian Joyce's "Five Easy Pieces" we encounter an art of an entirely different order. This beautiful film's great command of narrative techniques, of verbal and visual rhetoric, its incisive accuracy of psychological character portrayal and social documentation give evidence not only of the verbal novel's demise but also of its anachronism.

I find it impossible to speak of the



film without employing superlatives. The film is so finely wrought that the only grounds remaining for questioning its accomplishment are ideological or perhaps teleological. Should the film medium be employed for these purposes?

That question aside there is little else which, at least on the first viewing, is not justified by the film itself. The photography, directed by Laszlo Kovacs, is conservative but anything else would probably be unsuited to novelistic techniques. This is compensated for by the indispensable cinematic corollary of near perfect cutting. Gerald Sheperd and Christopher Homes were the editors. Performances by all the actors were brilliant. Again one may only object to this if one disagrees with fictional character creation.

Well perhaps in the acting there was a touch of the gratuitous. The character of the lesbian created by Helena Kallianates was such a gas that I suspect Rafelson gave her a bit more time than he had originally intended. Still, he showed enormous restraint. Watching this tough little no-illusion ex-belly dancer who had trained half the "Greek" dancers on the coast do her turn as a pollution prig was a show in itself.

The wealth of incident, detail and nuance is remarkable. Jack Nicholson extracts shadings of delivery that create the reality of fiction. His partner gutters a ball during a bowling game and his line reads, "In the gutter, isn't that wonderful." He delivers it not with anger or disgust but with the long suffering irony of W. C. Fields.

Nicholson's role is that of member of a family of classical musicians whose world, life styles and values derive from European high culture. He has deserted this world for the "real" world of demotic American culture. He cannot accept the first world but his background prevents his commitment to his role in the second.

The film's structure is gradually elaborated by means of syntactic oppositions. Middle class culture opposed to popular culture, American culture opposed to European, democratic to elitist. The protagonist's role as other world visitor to the working class is balanced by the narcissistic nurse tending his father. There is a beautiful bit of this nurse compulsively polishing the machinery of the father's wheelchair being called by the daughter to play ping pong. He gets up from his squat and flings away the polishing cloth and with one gesture of great eco-



John Wayne and Janet Leigh, as they do a number together. This one's from *Jet Pilot*, the Howard Hughes-produced film made in 1951 and released in 1957. It was eagerly awaited. Josef von Sternberg directed.

nomy we are presented with his transition from servant to equal, from stranger to sex partner, an entire structural change in his role is described as well as the character definition which is conveyed by the resonance of the gesture in cinematic imagery. This was the opening of *Lawrence of Arabia*, the polishing of the motorcycle by the narcissistic hero, his indifference to the cloth which is simply flung away. The extraordinary richness that the film exhibits is composed of these structured and compacted phenomenon. It is an unusually dense film for all its easy movement.

Incidents and detail are carefully built up to set the stage for Nichol-

son's confessional scene with his mute father/god. The contradictions in his life are of course irreconcilable since this is after all a bourgeois psychological novel and it is simply inconceivable to the character or perhaps to the author that the contradictions will stay tragic and irreconcilable until he starts changing society. The other possible solution, the consolation of mystic displacement is never broached. As the only possible conclusion for this character is renunciation and escape from these balanced oppositions, the final scene sees him taking not the narrow path to the north but the desperate diesel highway toward Canada; traditionally the cop-out's country.

**John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band (Apple):**

Om. Om. Om. Om. Om. Om. Om. Om. Om. Om. Om. Aargh! It gets on your nerves. Sitting there wiped out chanting Hare Krishna waiting for satori. Goo goo goo joob. All you Need Is Love. Chewing gum, gnawing boredom. John Lennon's not about to lose his ego in a trance, if he repeats something it's to push it over the edge. The Beatles nana-naing and John Lennon going crazy. Jude-y, Jude-y, Jude! Well! he screams and you wanna get a straightjacket. Not Peace or Pain but good old modern tension. The modern music we're not supposed to be ready for. Like a wire slowly being pulled taut, l-l-l—and then snap! in your face—so-LAAA-TION. Music compressed and strung out. Holding out on the usual rock climax, no release no rest but sustained frustration, "a victim of the insaaaane." Stretching it tighter.

The album opens with church bells, a pause, "Mother!" lands straight on a synapse. It came too soon. "Yoko and me. That's reality" doesn't end there with the message. He doesn't stop until he's exhausted. Something less than pleasant, something more than beautiful. Like the 2 chords leading into Instant Karma, atonal, unsettling. John Lennon ranting "We all shine on" isn't blessing your karma, letting the sunshine in, oh no he's giving you the blue meanies. "And the Moon and the Stars and the Sun." Throwing the words in a tantrum. He can't get no satisfaction. No words can satisfy that voice.

*36 hours*

*Rolling in pain.*

The voice is Cold Turkey, stifling in the womb, tearing to get out. The voice is the experience. John Lennon nasty hung up shines on. Apathy so violent, boredom so vital. You got nothing to do, go bang your head against the wall, my mother used to say. John Lennon stopped torturing the cat and is banging his head against the wall, screaming out of boredom. It's the schizophrenic fury, hardened and isolated that gets to your nerves. It's the voice that forces us from alienation into participation, not the little psychodrama in the words. That voice once peripherally straining in Twist & Shout has now assumed its full character transmuting, like Dylan, anything it says. Now he's singing about



himself no matter what he's singing about. The voice gets to your nerves, the words get on your nerves. Because the words are all about "me", "I", nobody could be more blatantly personal and that's not where he's coming through at all. The voice so overwhelmingly him that it extends into universal. The words are what he thinks is personal.

But you can get them from newspapers, how he's Liverpool working class hero and everybody trying to put him & Yoko down and who's the real John Lennon.

*They tortured and scared you for 20 odd years*

*Then they expect you to pic a career.*

Is that what's driving John Lennon crazy? His self-analysis sells



# PLATTER CHATTER

*Not necessarily the latest; not necessarily the greatest.*

## The magic of Phil Spector

Phil Spector's concentrations are based almost completely around sound. His genius is that he has created a language out of the various elements of record production, a language that has nothing to do with lyric or melody. Indeed, these two components of songwriting were subservient to Spector's manipulation of sound. Others have imitated him (Jeff Barry, Lou Adler), unsuccessfully, and only one has ever come near (Brian Wilson, Spector's protege, and his achievements are more literate—and thus cannot really compare—than Spector's).

Sound. It's difficult to describe what the creative use of sound is because the only terms we have result from the associations our ears and minds provide us with when we hear the sound. Spector welded technique and sentimentality (soul) and created a sound that spoke for itself. The message was all there in that sound; the lyrics and melodies were merely vehicles to fill up time (and, having this definite purpose, this is why they are so appropriate).

The resources and knowledge that went into his recordings were complex, yet that is not the feeling one gets from listening to them. You are confronted with the totality of sound; within this totality there is feeling. You don't feel like saying "Gee that must have been hard to do", which is what many whiz-bang production jobs inspire these days. No, Spector just lays it all out and bowls you over with a sound/message.

The sound Spector used for the Crystals was compressed and loud. There was depth here, but what strikes you is the fullness of the recording. No empty spaces. There is an underlying rumble that you always pick up no matter what's up front. Bass, drums, pianos, violins—just to name a few instruments—were melted like wax to create this rumble; then Spector's crowning touch would be the addition of castanettes floating serenely through this tunnel of sound. Uptown and He's A Rebel are examples.

With the Ronettes, Spector added much more depth to his sound. You couldn't see the end of it. It was cerebral, you would float, not the castanettes.

Be My Baby is, of course, the classic sound, a sound built mainly around rhythm. Less successful, but better, Spector sound was found in things like We Were Born To Be Together, which was structured and featured shifts in sound/mood, shifts that grabbed the listener and floated him away into the atmosphere. His was an atmosphere of love with the Ronettes. Do you ever *really* feel the way Spector's Ronettes songs sounded? Probably not, but you'd like to; it was recognizable even though it may not have been "real". Spector created a reality out of his sound/fantasy, a reality that looks to dreams and ecstasies and memories as its foundations.

Is This What I Get For Lovin' You, Spector's last song with the Ronettes before he "retired", starts off with the lyrics, "There's been a lot of talk around, That you've been seen with a certain party" and the sound, if you can believe it, tingles with these feelings of bitterness and yearning and "Tell me that it isn't true".

Love & heartbreak: Spector's sound defined them as no lyric or melody could ever. That is his achievement.

There were more classics: River Deep Mountain High by Ike & Tina Turner and You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' by the Righteous Brothers are the best known. He came out of exile in 1969, produced a Ronettes single, You Came You Saw You Conquered!, and then went to work with the Beatles. He's done interesting work with them (particularly with Lennon) but there's the hitch: he's been working with someone for a change, and his own sound did not figure as prominently. Spector's best work has been when he produces for himself. It is said that he's got enough material to fill a second Ronettes album. Seven years is a long time to wait between records.

—Juan Rodriguez

## Otis Redding, Tell the Truth (Atco):

This is the fifth Otis Redding album released since his death in 1967. Miraculously, each successive album has been better than the last. Equally miraculous is the lack of reception these five masterworks have received from both press and public. The necrophelia vibes must be too much for most people. At 24 Otis Redding was there with a voice and talent that rewrote the soul manual. He was in a

himself short, clamping down the possibilities in his voice, turning personal greatness into merely personal. Or merely universal. "God is a concept by which we measure our pain." He made that up all by himself. "I'll say it again." Thank God pain rhymes with again. It's a great album if you don't listen to the words.

*I believe in me  
That's reality*

Still hasn't realized he is reality. Now he believes in the importance of his message, forget the rockin' pneumonia. But how can you knock Peace and how can you knock Psychotherapy. You can if it's unreal. That scream is no catharsis.

When John Lennon screams *well!* it gets on your nerves. What he's pushing won't carry him. It's gratuitous because the frustration is artistic not emotional. There he's banging his head against the wall because he's got nothing to say whereas the voice has got it down from the beginning.

Everybody else produces music. Dylan and Lennon produce angst too. Mick Jagger's voice equals his song in self-contained perfection when he screams it's the Midnight Rambler screaming. Think if Dylan yelled Gimme Shelter. Chills instead of thrills. Their voices equal something outside the song. Every word enunciated with full power of their being. It's that which widens your response to include rebirths new morning chewing gum.

The voice is them in a way that's art.

—Elizabeth Wajnberg



# Program Line-up

Nick Auf der Maur works for the CBC and writes for Last Post.

Arthur Bardo, former art critic for The Montreal Star, teaches at The Saidye Bronfman Centre.

Don Bell writes for Weekend Magazine; his article will be included in a forthcoming book, The Anti-Riot Squad of Mountain Street, a collection of Montreal pieces.

Leonard Cohen's third album should be out soon.

Pat Cummins, screenwriter, is a local pornographer.

Andre Dufresne has worked for the National Ballet, Place des Arts and The Montreal Star. He is currently unemployed.

Robert Hershorn formerly published the widely acclaimed magazine Exchange.

Sean Kelly, a regular contributor to National Lampoon, has also written for Evergreen and teaches English at Loyola College.

R. Meltzer, alias Borneo Jimmy, writes for Fusion and Rolling Stone and has a book out, The Aesthetics of Rock.

Marc Paradis works with computers at CN and likes John Fred & His Playboy Band.

Jerzy Przytyk, a Polish-born photographer, lives happily with Natasha and Sasha.

Juan Rodriguez, editor of the magazine, is rock critic for The Montreal Star.

Elizabeth Wajnberg lives.

Jesse Winchester's first album was one of the most widely hailed records of 1970; a second is forthcoming.

Michael Whalen, associate editor of the magazine, freelances for CBC radio.

## CKGM Solid Gold (ABC Records):

Here's the situation. Polydor Records, alias ABC Records, alias ABC Paramount, alias Spartan Records (remember that?) are stuck with some white elephants. Some former Top 40 record hits. Chart busters. Jim Sward, boy genius of CKGM promotion, has a real neat idea of what to do with those records. As CKGM promotion. A record album, all under the guise that record consumers are receiving a bona-fide package of "solid gold". Unless you're extremely gullible it's hard to imagine Steve Lawrence singing Footsteps as either solid or gold. What to believe? At least this record has GM class. It features a Texaco-tumbler photo on the cover; the inside photo has an overexposed photo of the GM disc jerks. No peace signs. You can almost smell the lemon.

## The Everly Brothers Original Greatest Hits (Barnaby):

Columbia Records bought out the old Cadence recordings of the Everly Brothers and the result is this fine album. Not only does it have the original Bros. recordings of Bye Bye Love and Wake Up Little Susie, but also contains some of the best hi-lites from their "Songs Our Daddy Taught Us". Rare and precious stuff. This album is so good it may even wash out the bad taste of last summer's TV show.

Don and Phil are institutions of rock 'n' roll. What they put down in the fifties holds up even today. They had the amazing facility to pick out songs that seemed to embody the collective unconscious of that time. This record chronicles the fifties like no book has come close to describing. Dig these heavies:

*My baby don't like anything I do  
My teacher seems to feel the same way too*

*Can't get the car my marks ain't  
been so good  
My love life just ain't swinging  
like it should*

*Problems problems problems all  
day long  
Right on!*

Missing from the Everly Brother Original Greatest Hits are I Wonder If I Care As Much and Claudette. It would have been fun to have them along.

—Michael Whalen

## Elton John (MCA Records):

There is something missing in the Elton John story. First we hear of how exciting and dynamic this new star is while giving concerts to frenzied fans and then we sit down with this record. Somewhere in between is the real Elton John, who will probably be more clearly defined with time and a few more records.

This is a very bad record.

The people in charge of manipulating Elton John have done him a disservice by processing him in this way. One gets the impression that Elton John made his reputation playing alone in clubs straight from the heart and drawing his audience through his own personal power. The record companies, however, must have decided that if this is the new superstar of the decade which they have on their hands, then everything has got to be first cabin. So they truck in all these violins and arrangers and chicks .... this is going to be important music.

Maybe. But where's Elton John?

The best cut on the record is the Border Song. Stripped down to essentials, this song sounds gospel and Elton John like a natural gospel singer; lots of rhythm and drive. This must be his natural element. Take Me To The Pilot, the only other cut on this record with any rhythm at all, also seems to elicit some response from the singer. The rest of the songs are cute poems better left unwritten. The record jacket gives credit for all lyrics to Elton John's sidekick Bernie Taupin.

This man is a classic example of pop music lyricists today. They all feel obliged to write their own stuff when not one in ten has anything to say and not one in those ten can convey what he does want to say.

Bernie Taupin is embarrassing. These songs are self-conscious and stiff and they reek of sincerity. It is more in his spirit than Elton John's that this album comes across. The arrangements simply strangle Elton John. For example, Sixty Years On would have been better served if the string section introduction were track one, side two and the song track two, side two, because the two are totally unconnected. I can just hear someone in the studio saying, "Wow we gotta use that intro somewhere!"

I would like Elton John to do me a favour and take all those people out in the countryside and lose them and go back to the studio and do an album of music—one which could be more honestly titled: Elton John. Until then, the shape of Elton John will remain undefined.

—Andrew Cowan

class of his own. Otis opens one of his songs on this album with the words:

*For just as long as I live  
To you my love I'll give  
And you won't have to carry no  
heavy load  
That says it all about Otis.*



Keef Hartley Band, The Time Is Near  
(Deram DES 18047)



Jerry Butler & Exuma, "JOE" soundtrack  
(Mercury SRM-1-605)



Savoy Brown, Looking In (Parrot PAS T10742)



Exuma II (Mercury SR 61314)



Sir Douglas Quintet 1+1+1=4  
(Philips PHS 600-344)



Ten Years After, WATT (Deram XDES 18050)

**LONDON** records

# TELEVISION: The Gospel According to The Mod Squad, Ironside & Jack Webb

Golly, it's tough being a narc.  
by MARC PARADIS

Up until this fall I never felt much like turning on my T.V. for anything except sports, or a movie — if it wasn't going to be completely butchered by commercials — or the odd news/documentary program. Then all those network ad campaigns ("C.T.V.: The Trend Setter") in late summer got to me so I decided to try a few nights worth of solid viewing.

Because I could never get into that Carol Burnett / Red Skelton / Barbara McNair bag I concentrated mostly on drama and at first I was really shocked to think that millions of people watch that crap. The American networks had gone mad with their "relevance" fetish. But once that initial shock wore off, I began to get into what those people on the screen were saying and doing (the content, Marshall) and it turned out to be "entertaining" indeed.

I have to admit that sitting around watching Middle America expose her freaked-out psyche might seem a little perverse to some but, you needn't worry, the novelty wears off. Because of repetitious scripts, mediocre acting and, often, a silly concept to base a series on in the first place, even these sickies get boring after three or four episodes. The reason these shows are so stupid is that they all try to deal with such "Now" topics as Drugs, The Generation Gap, Revolution etc., by coming on like Art Linkletter, Billy Graham and Richard Nixon. It's all aimed at the kids, of course. If they buy millions of rotten records, they'll watch just as many rotten T.V. shows. They hook the kids with young actors (wearing carefully tailored bell-bottoms, groovy shades and ever-so-neatly-messed hair), or with youth-oriented stories (with plenty of with-it dialogue about doing your own thing and a heavy load of Liberal hints on how to do it), or often both.

The following are a chosen few I've had the twisted pleasure to watch:

*The Mod Squad*: Life sure is a bummer being a narc. The kiddies really like this one. The three stars, Michael

Cole, Peggy Lipton and Clarence Williams III, appear regularly on the cover of all the teeny-bopper fan mags (*Fave*, *Spec* etc.) and I can't help wondering how the three of them feel about performing for that audience. It must be weird to know that some 11-year-old girl is wetting her pants over you. Still, you might watch this one once or twice just to pick up on the hip dialogue and to see Clarence Williams III demonstrate the finer points of the Zombie school of acting. Golly, does he ever have a lot of soul.

*Storefront Lawyers* and *The Young Lawyers*: The C.B.C. promo for *Storefront Lawyers* explains: "They work for the establishment but they know where the real priorities are . . . outspoken . . . get involved." Let that be your guide.

*Dragnet*: I have to include this one because Colorful Channel Five (NBC) carries it Monday thru Friday at 7:00 p.m. which means two and a half hours a week of prime time. Also, I'm including it because its the oddball of all oddballs on T.V.

The format is still the same semi-documentary style of the fifties version except that the scripts are now obvious public relations releases to boost the image of your local police force. Here's a sample: Sergeant Friday (Jack Webb, who also directs the show) is taking a night course in social problems given by a groovy Liberal professor who's made out to be a faggot. He (Friday) spots the rebel of the class, played by some goateed 40-year-old actor left over from a fifties beatnik movie, with an ounce of grass and busts him. Our hero, in a classic bit of *Dragnet*-Realism, is then forced to explain to the class why he thinks he should be allowed to stay in the course. Another episode had Webb give the new boys on the force a lesson in police manners. And yet another, dedicated to the Secret Service, gave us the inside story on how the Service and the local police join forces to protect the President of the United States when he drops into Los

Angeles for an afternoon to attend a luncheon.

Along with this kind of unintentional comic writing, *Dragnet* has a couple of other things going for it. First, the budget, which appears to be around two dollars and forty-nine cents per show, allows for some unforgettable sets and provides the odd job for a hoard of otherwise unemployed character actors. And second, Jack Webb's notion of realism as a dramatic form verges on science fiction. I recommend this one highly but only in small doses lest you pervert your judgement permanently.

*Matt Lincoln* and *Room 222*: The former (drama) for you social workers and the latter (comedy) for you teachers are perfect examples of how little T.V. has changed over the past decade. *Room 222* is about a negro teacher at Whitman High who helps students with their school and personal hang-ups. His advice is always very moderate, very safe — sort of Mr. Novak/1970.

Vince Edwards is Matt Lincoln is really Ben Casey with a new job: instead of neurology it's a hot line for people with problems. And he runs the show with the same perpetual frown, the same glare into the camera and the same complete lack of humor. In fact, except for *Room 222* (and it isn't what you would call funny) there isn't one character in all the shows considered here who has anything even resembling a sense of humor. Life on T.V. is Serious to the point of neurosis.

Which brings me to the most Serious (and, perhaps, the most neurotic) show of all, *Ironside*. Raymond (Perry Mason) Burr plays Chief of Detectives—Robert Ironside who, in the first show of the series a couple of years ago, was wounded in the base of the spine by a sniper's bullet, leaving him paralyzed from the waist down. He's been tracking down criminals from his wheelchair ever since.

To help him get around he has three associates, two males (one white, one black) and a female (white). The white guy and girl are cops and the negro, Ironside's valet, is a bad boy turned good, having been straightened out by one of Ironside's frequent polemics on what's GOOD and what's BAD. The



four of them work as a team, with Ironside the undisputed leader and, as leader, he is revered not just by his three disciples, but by everyone he comes in contact with. His word is trusted with uncompromising faith.

The interesting thing about this show is to watch the writers, the directors and Burr put together the person that they imagine this great man to be. The character they have come up with (a character who, incidentally, captures a large segment of the viewing audience) is a classic case of the Nixon/Agnew syndrome: a leader with no balls.

Considering two facts — one, that he has lost the use of the lower half of his body (and, by implication, his sexuality) and two, that he isn't married — I think it's obvious, not to mention significant, that Ironside, The Great White Father, is a eunuch. Incidentally, I should point out here that, of all the leading characters in all these shows, I can't think of one who is married. That means that, out of all the people through whom the writers and directors of T.V. drama attempt to explain to us our social problems, not even one is married, let alone has children. Do the T.V. boys plan it that way just to hook the teenyboppers and housewives? Aren't T.V. dramas of this type supposed to be "realistic"? Who are they kidding? Millions, if you judge by the ratings.

If Ironside, the exemplary leader, doesn't have any libido he does have Reason, the kind that turns to *Readers Digest* for inspiration. For example, in a recent episode concerning a young girl who wrecks her father's car while driving under the influence of marijuana, Burr and Forrest Tucker (who plays the girl's father) have an argument in Ironside's car. The scene, entirely overplayed, is highlighted by Ironside's brilliant statement "Now George, I think in our society we have room for everybody." You gotta admit, Madge, there's a lotta philosophy in that.

Burr has a tendency to play this role off-camera too. On a recent Flip Wilson show featuring the *Sesame Street* gang and himself, Burr explains, in his best wisdom-of-the-ages tone of voice, how to get to *Sesame Street*: "Open the windows of your mind." Hmm, a poet, eh?

Aside from working out the subtleties of the theory of democracy and the notion of GOOD and BAD, he is also fond of the concept of Time. Those moments when the audience is treated to a glimpse of the inner man (a "glimpse" is usually a lingering shot of Ironside gazing pensively out his window) are often moments when



Here's a couple good ones from our morgue: (top) a scene from *Corky*; (bottom) a scene from *Corky*, in which Ray plays the heavy; (bottom) a familiar scene from Perry Mason, keeping up with what's going on in our world by reading paper and posing for camera.

he is preoccupied with the past, especially his own. Like all great leaders Ironside has a feeling for History, the kind of feeling that keeps those insurance and pension payments up to date. So, Ironside isn't just a eunuch, he's also a Protestant. He's Nixon/Agnew disguised as the Lincoln Memorial, a grim-faced, heavy-tripping phon:

*The World Tomorrow*: This one doesn't really belong with the others

above (it's a one-man talk show) but it's so ridiculous that I can't leave it out. Every Sunday afternoon on C.T.V., Garner Ted Armstrong, a kind of Oral Roberts of sociology, tells us where it's at with all those long-haired misguided kids. Why just recently he suggested we all write for a couple of handy booklets entitled *Hippies: Hypocrisy and "Happiness"* and *The True Facts About Marijuana*.

# Solitaire: EASY ACES

Following the Russians  
by PAT CUMMINS

We had a chance to see the Russians play last weekend and we jumped at it, though it meant missing some important local play and spending two nights in the Salvation Army hostel in Toronto. Was it worth it? It's hard for us to say. It was interesting to see first hand the methodical, almost programmed, Russians hunkered over their cards and coming up with the impressive ratio of wins and high point games we have read so much about.

We know we saw what we went for: The Russians fielded a first rate team headed up by that grand old man of Russian solitaire, Ivan Skavinski O'Hare. Despite his age (said to be 83½ if he's a day) Skavinski lived up to the legends. In fact, during the three days of play, Skavinski never varied more than fourteen points from the average that computers years ago showed was theoretically possible but commentators everywhere, until quite recently, continued to maintain were practically impossible.

This game, from the second day of the exhibition, is fairly typical of Skavinski's play:

	A	3	A			
K	K	5	5	7	4	7
	Q		4	6	3	
	J		3	5	2	
	10			4		

He has been through the deck twice at three-at-a-time taking, as he went, not all the cards, but only those appropriate to his system. Note the symmetry of his sequences: Clubs on diamonds, hearts on spades. (There is a high sequence of clubs on hearts, but these would not come into play until later in the game.) The wisdom of this strategy became apparent on his next time through when he picked up the ace of clubs and the deuce of diamonds and was thus able to clear rows four and six without reference to spades. He eventually went on to put up forty-seven cards. This feat would not have been possible had he mixed all four suites in a single sequence, as the deuce of spades was in row six and did not show itself until late in the game.

Incidentally, on the last day, Ivan, as he is known to his intimates, gave a stunning performance for a few selected observers, playing twenty-five games simultaneously and blindfolded. We, who were among those honoured, could not detect a single tactical error, though he skimmed from game to game with the speed of a

hummingbird, hardly pausing to make note of the moves he made. Afterwards, as we sat around the samovar unable to speak because of the language barrier, it was hard to tell who was the more exhausted: Ivan, or those of us who watched him.

Impressive! That's all we can say. And yet, we left Toronto feeling vaguely disappointed.

As we lurched back to Montreal practicing shuffles and playing simple hand games like Idiot's Solitaire (the only games possible on the Turbo until the CNR faces up to the fact that their ancient tracks are no longer adequate for today's high speed trains) we asked ourselves: "Why is it that having witnessed the best Russia has to offer, absolute perfection in more than a dozen games, scores undreamed of fewer than ten years past, the soul is still unsatisfied and scrapes in broken rhythms along ribs in the upper left hand quadrant of the thoracic cavity as if beached in some polluted inlet?"

We found ourselves answering: "It is because we miss the exciting, intuitive, and sometimes even dangerous technique of the Americans. We don't think of ourselves as old Romantics. We know the object of the game is to win, and we know the Russians rarely lose. We have seen it for three days. And yet we long to watch an American with a well timed sacrifice and four or five deft but intricate moves set up a run which will sweep the whole table, depositing fifty-two cards in unbroken sequence in four neat piles.

"This method of play does not win as consistently, but perhaps that is not the object. After all, is it not the spectacular wins that take home the big money from Vegas, and will be

taking money home sooner than many people think from Quebec?"

Thus ran our thinking no matter how we tried to reason ourselves out of it. A late night phone call before we began this column confirmed similar reservations by a respected colleague in Regina.

Will there ever be a tournament where we can see Russians and Americans together? When will the two giants of solitaire settle their feud over amateur standing? We continue to be baffled by the difference officials on both sides pretend to see between training in the bureaucratic posts of monolithic socialism on the one hand, and on the welfare rolls and unemployment schemes of American capitalism on the other.

We hasten to make clear, however, that Canadians can benefit from last weekend's play. Too long our best players have been dominated by the Americans. We only wish the two could have been playing side by side so we could have had a better basis for comparison.

## RECENT PUBLICATIONS:

*Developments in Polish Patience (1969-1970)*, by Val Copacheck (Random Hut — \$1.98)

This little book (seventeen pages) treats its subject with a thoroughness exceptional even in this highly specialized field. There is no important movement in Polish patience that isn't fully explained both in application and in historical perspective. However, its usefulness is limited.

Polish Patience has taken a divergent line since the turn of the century and has attracted little attention at international exhibitions. Chapter Titles like "Beating the Clock Game Every Time" give a clue to this lack of interest. Polish theory has tended ever more toward winning, regardless of orthodoxy. Some commentators dismiss the Poles with one word: "Cheats." We would prefer to hold such moral sounding judgements in abeyance, at least until an international organization can command enough support to set universal rules. We do feel, however, that this publication has limited appeal.

*Mystic Solitaire*, by Paul Stoner (Vogue Press — \$5.00)

We don't approve of fads in solitaire. As far as we can see, this book is doing little more than capitalizing on the recent interest in Tarot Packs which has temporarily given a shot in the arm by the California "Ecology Murders." There is little that is new in this book, and nothing mystical; it merely modifies a few standard games so they can be played with this more primitive deck of cards. Perhaps hippies will be interested. We are not.





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# The World's Worst Pool Players

*What do Maple Leaf Potato Chips and Baron Byng High School have in common?*  
by DON BELL

Sometimes we play pool on Fridays on the tables over Toe Blake's Tavern. Lately, we've been driving down to the Mount Royal Pool Room on St. Lawrence Boulevard. The Serbian hustler, Mike Petrovich, may be mistaken for Minnesota Fats until he begins chalking the wrong end of his cue-stick. Roger Nissenbaum is also a sharpie. We draw big crowds whenever we play—they've come to watch the world's worst pool players in the world's worst pool games.

The trouble is, the Serb, Petrovich, doesn't take our games seriously enough. Of the world's worst pool players, he is the worst of the worst. Before each game, Mike Petrovich buys himself a bag of Maple Leaf potato chips. Or maybe two bags. Or maybe three... He's on a diet so he munches on his lunch of potato chips while he's playing pool. Roger and I are appalled. Salty potato chips all over the spotless green-felt table. Sometimes barbecued potato chips! Mike keeps holding up the game. We have to wait until he wipes the salt or the barbecue sauce off his hands before he makes his shot. Roger and I have warned him. We've told him that he's going to lose his turn if he holds up the game. Don't forget, when you rent a pool table, you're paying for time. If Petrovich keeps delaying our games as he minces the potato chips and messes up the table, we'll end up paying twice as much for half the performance. That's why we've had to take this drastic measure against the Serb.

Roger "Dead-eye" Nissenbaum is the best of the world's worst. In one game, I think, he even had a plus score. Plus one. He sank a red ball and played the whole game without a scratch. This is a rarity because usually Mike, Roger and I compete for the most scratches, the highest minus score. The higher your minus score, the worse you are. To attain the highest minus score in snooker, you must have the most scratches. You can lose four to seven points each time you scratch. There are several ways to scratch. When you miss your target you scratch and lose four points. If you accidentally sink a white ball, you lose four points. If you sink a colored ball when you should be trying to pocket a red ball, you lose up to sev-

en points, depending on the value of that colored ball.

There is another way of scratching and losing four points, which is a rarity in pool except when Mike Petrovich shoots. That's when you bounce the ball right off the table. Now Mike weighs 230 pounds and, although he's soft at heart, he wields his cue like a hatchet. Sometimes, watching him, you would think he's trying to cut up a jittery onion. When he hits it dead-on, the ball explodes right off the table. This is what Mike calls his cannon shot. It's the most lethal shot in the game. Bobby Hull, nothing: once Mike hit a pool hustler at 20 feet square between the eyes. Another time his cannon shot ricocheted off the side-band and struck the 73-year-old rack-setter above the knee. Crippled him for life.

Roger Nissenbaum claims that he has lost his stuff, that he used to be a much deadlier player when he was attending Baron Byng High School. Then he was a regular at the Mount Royal Pool Room. Now Roger is resuming his career after an absence of 10 or 15 years. Yet, Mike and I feel that Roger is only trying to build himself up in our eyes as a pool shark. Mike and I aren't buying. Roger insists that it's just practise he needs. If we played every day, he would soon have his timing back, and his co-ordination. "I used to be an expert on band shots," Roger says, as he sends a ball careening off a band, going nowhere fast.

As for myself, I'm worse than Roger but better than the Serb. Pool, with me, has been a story of personal failure and defeat. That's why I'm so captivated by the game. I'm always trying to improve myself, but getting worse and worse. The ball seems to have a spiteful mind of its own. Never does it go where I tell it to go. Never in the pocket. The balls seem to be in conspiracy. I feel they're laughing at me, driving me up the wall. That's why I like to play with the Serb and Roger. At least, here, I have two players who can match me in their snooker incompetence, stroke by clumsy stroke.

To complete a game of snooker, you must clear all the red balls off the table, then all the colored balls, one by one. Mike, Roger and I have never

completed a pool game. We've never even cleaned all the red balls. Once, we timed ourselves and calculated that at our rate, assuming that we don't get any worse, it would take us at least 36 hours to complete a game. An average pool game played by average players takes about an hour to play.

Mike is guilty of talking, and of distracting Roger and me. Mike is a raconteur. He tells stories about Mountain Tribes in Yugoslavia, Serbs who are seven feet tall and cut the gizzards out of their enemies. He has a way of putting things so that they don't always come out the way he means them to.

Now let us watch what happens in a typical game at the Mount Royal Pool Room, operated by one of Canada's all-time pool sharks, Eddie "the Syrian" Aga.

The pool room is a dark, musty place on St. Lawrence Boulevard between Mount Royal Avenue and Villeneuve. As you enter, there is a lunch counter where Mike can indulge in all the Maple Leaf potato chips he desires. Often during the lunch hour there are a lot of weary-looking old men sitting around on splintered wooden chairs, retired pool hustlers from the 1920's. I can just see us in 40 years from now, Mike, Roger and I hunched up in those chairs, our faces grizzled, talking about the world's worst pool games that we played in the 1970s. "Historic Scratches" will be the theme of various plaques in our honor. There may even be slide shows of the Serb eating potato chips.

The balls are racked up on one of the eight tables in back, and Roger draws first blood. Just as he's about to break, Mike launches into a story about a Turkish girl he dated.

"She had long hair up to her knees," Mike says.

Roger looks up. "You mean she had long hair *down* to her knees."

"No, she had long hair *up* to her knees," Mike insists.

Roger shoots and completely misses all the red balls triangularly racked up. Scratch One for Roger.

Mike's shot.

"Can you wait a second? I want to buy some chips."

"You already ate three bags of chips."

"Yes, but I haven't had any dessert."

Mike comes back, chomping chips. He executes a cannon shot, fires the white ball with a curve in it, I swear, so that it ricochets off the blackboard

and drops into the pocket two tables away.

"Do I get points for that?" Mike asks.

"No, you lose."

Scratch Two.

All the balls are still in their intact triangular pattern.

But eventually we manage to scatter the red balls. Roger even succeeds in sinking two. But we've scratched about 15 times. Our minus scores keep mounting. So does the tension.

Mike accidentally sinks a red ball, scores a point.

"Mike, how did you do that?"

"I'm playing defensively."

"My one dream," Roger confesses, "is to play a whole game of pool without scratching."

"I think this can go on for a long time," Mike says, as he watches me pocket a white ball. Scratch.

"We'll be finished by dawn."

"Which dawn?"

Mike tries to sink a red ball, which is lined up for him on the lip of the pocket. Instead, he misses and sinks the pink. Scratch.

"Mike, why did you sink the pink?"

"Is that pink? I thought it was red."

"No, its pink."

"Pink is almost red."

"No, it's pink."

"If you're color blind, pink can be red."

"You're not color blind."

"But if I'm color blind, does it count against me?"

"If you're color blind, then pink can be black."

"Do I get seven points if I sink the black?"

"No, you lose seven points."

"Then I'll try to sink the pink again."

The red ball is still on the lip and it's my shot. I figure that at last I have a chance to score a point. That's all I want, all I desire in life right now, to score this one point, to plump that red ball — plump! — plump into the socket. Dead-eyed delivery.

"I'm not going to Lebanon," Mike announces just as I'm lining up the shot.

"You're not going to Lebanon?"

"No, I'm not going to Lebanon."

"I thought you were going to Lebanon on your vacation."

"No, I'm not going to Lebanon."

"All right. Why aren't you going to Lebanon?"

"I don't want to get killed."

"Who will kill you?"

"There's a war in Lebanon."

"Yes, but you're not a Jew, you're not an Arab."

"You know that. I know that. But do they know that? Either way, the Jews will think I'm an Arab, the Arabs will think I'm a Jew. With a name like Pet-

rovich, you think I can go to Lebanon without getting killed?"

"Where will you go — if not to Lebanon?"

"Maybe I'll go to Florida. To Miami Beach. At least there are no Arabs there."

"But suppose you're mistaken for an Arab?"

"You're right. Maybe I should go to Lebanon."

Mike always wanted to be a guerilla fighter, but somehow I think his guerilla activity will be restricted to the tables of the Mount Royal Pool palace. Scratch about 50.

It's time to get back to work. And the world's worst pool players have completed another of their masterly

worst games.

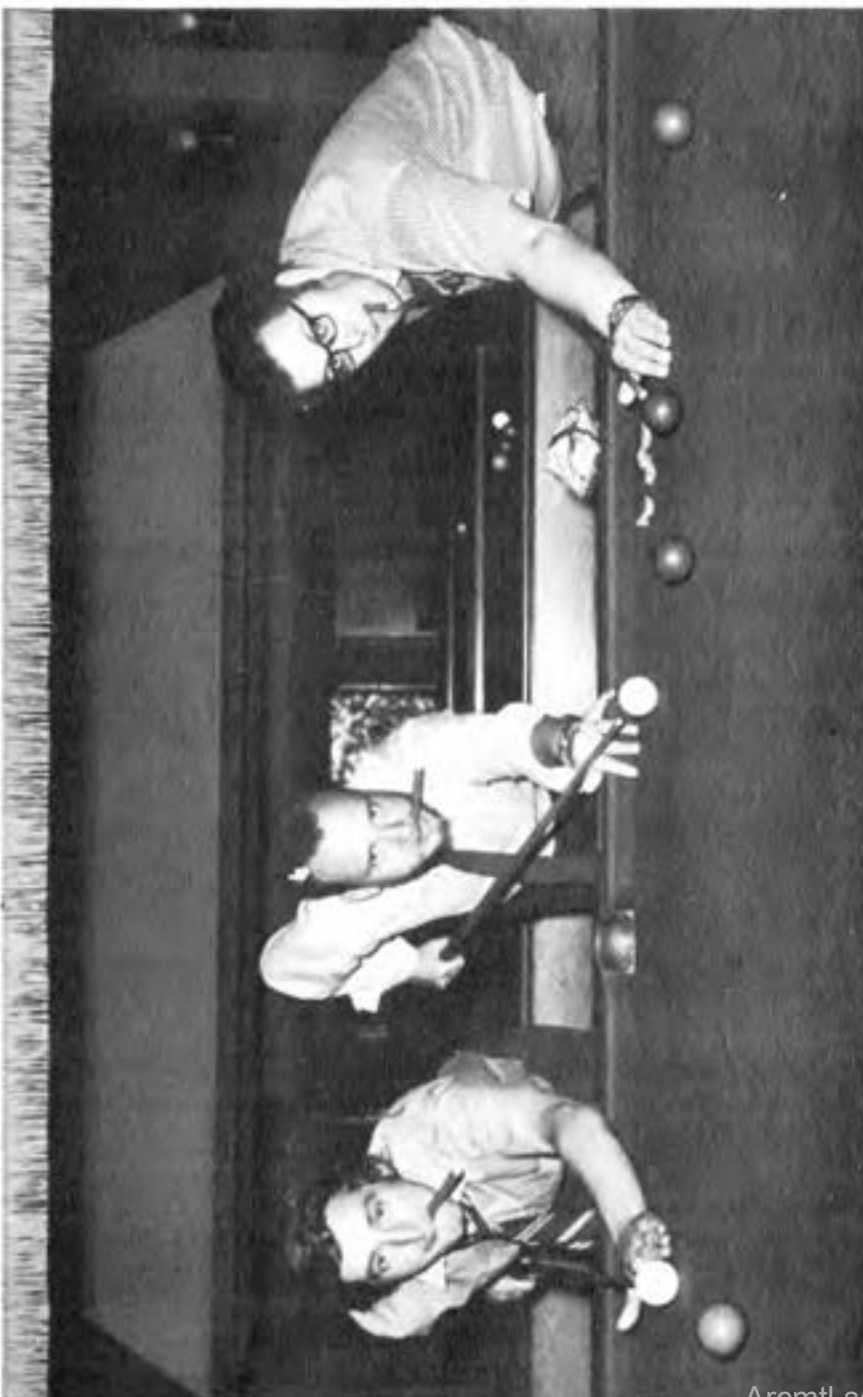
But we may get better. The Serb is even talking about challenging Minnesota Fats in a one-ball cannon-shot contest. Bring your own cannons.

As we leave the Mount Royal Pool Room, I tell Mike and Roger about my plans to write a story on the world's worst pool players.

"You can start a whole series on the world's worst," Mike suggests. "I know a guy who is the world's worst judo expert. And a girl who is the world's worst golfer. She's terrible. And you can do a story on the world's worst swimmer."

"The world's worst swimmer?"

Sure. Every time he swims, he drowns."



to R: Don Bell, Roger Nissenbaum, Maple Leaf Potato Chips, Mike Petrovich.

# OUZO: AN OVERRATED SWILL

A few handy pointers by someone who ought to know.

by R. MELTZER

Ouzo is Greek and it's famous and it's as old as the hills, if not as old as time itself. Greece may be the land of Homer and Heraclitus but it's also the land of Ouzo. And it's not just in Greece that Ouzo is famous. It's been a featured star on many TV series. On I Spy somebody put acid in Robert Culp's ouzo and he drank himself silly non-stop for two weeks, even though the show only lasted an hour and he didn't have any during the last five minutes. In Barefoot In The Park it's Charles Boyer as the international bon vivant who shows Jane Fonda how ouzo stiffens your joints. They drink it in Zorba The Greek and they drink it in The Guns Of Navarone. On Father Knows Best an exchange student's dad gave Robert Young some ouzo, he choked but he dug it and he caught hell for giving a shot to Bud. So you can see the fame of ouzo depends on the fact that it's foreign, it's Greek and Greece is where Never On Sunday took place.

There can't be any other reason, since ouzo is certainly no real Jim Dandy of a great drink. Maybe it once was. If it once was then now it's a has-been. If you read the label they would have you believe that it's a fascinating item in the world of aperitifs—once you have tasted it. Ouzo by Cambas owes its high quality to the meticulous double distilling of choice grape extracts with aromatic seeds cultivated in Greece and based on a very old family recipe. Served straight, with water or on the rocks, with a twist of lemon or lime, it is a treat for the connoisseur and a newfound pleasure for the amateur. That's what they'd have you believing.

But, as with donuts, the proof is in

the tasting. One taste and you'll be able to tell other people that it tastes like any standard ninth rate anisette-type juice: there's a hint taste or aftertaste? And what's more important, taste or effect? If it's effect, only time will tell. If it's taste, you could be fair and give it another chance to show its stuff. There's plenty left in the bottle, after all. And plenty more where that came from if you're really interested in giving it the true test of time. But tests of time are only tests of whether it stands up thru time, and if it doesn't stand up to begin with that won't teach you very much. But what if it stands up after a while, and what if it begins to grow on you, just like the grape vines themselves?

After you've swum your way thru the first half-pint of the very clear and very transparent liquid (resembling water) you may notice how consistent the taste is from top to bottom. It hasn't changed and will not change. There's not enough spunk to it to numb you or work over your taste buds, and it's not even a long-lasting aftertaste so it's like the very first time around every time thru. That's what they call "quality control" at the Kodak plant in Rochester. But, while good for the manufacturer and his pockets, it's dull for you. Unless, of course, you really get hooked up on to the wall by that first swig. If you are an amateur your amateur status will help you out in this regard, be thankful and disregard all this bad-mouthing of ouzo as you will come to find it highly misinformative.

You're right, there is something more to the taste than licorice. It's thinner rather than fatter, more like gin but not enough like it to win an

argument. No, it's more like witch hazel. There's not actually any witch hazel in it but you could use it for an after shave. If it drips into your mouth you'll get to taste it. If it's on your lips you can lick your lips. If you like what you lick, fine. If you don't, when was the last time you liked the taste of an after shave. But that's a jolly good idea for trying out a prospective drink on your friends and family. Give it to them as after shave lotion, if they like it and ask you about it then you can tell them there's more. If they don't ask you then ask them to try it. That's a surefire way to get rid of your leftover ouzo. They may be grateful to you, they may not be.

But one thing's for sure: if it didn't have that big advance hype you wouldn't mind the stuff as much. You might even say "damn good cordial or aperitif." Tell yourself that some time, if it doesn't work, no loss. You can cook with it in soups or fondues and it'll add a delicious aroma or smell, maybe even a taste that ain't half bad. But that hype has to be circumvented, that's the first thing has to be handled before you can enjoy it.

One noticeable effect you will notice from your ouzo is that if it's late in the day you'll be on your way towards getting tired just as it is with beer, wine or liquor. By volume it's about twice to three times as potent as beer—but for getting tired only. It won't give you a hard-on unless you're watching a stag show or in the midst of the real thing. In certain cases it might hamper you, but that all depends upon your individual personal makeup. But there is no need to undergo a physical examination with a croaker before having a go with ouzo.

There's different kinds of ouzo, there's dry, extra-dry and extra-extra-dry. Often you can get the extra-extra at no extra price. Ace Wines & Liquors at 810 Montauk Highway on Long Island is one such place. The proprietor is a swell guy who will even help you all you need in finding it and selecting it. When you pay for it he'll say you made a wise choice and be sincere about it. He's an old man, he's devoted his life to booze so you can trust him. You figure he's drank it more than once and knows a good thing when he sees one. That's

## Hey, chump.

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where you're being taken in: never trust an old drunk. Anybody old enough to be old can't be much of a boozier unless he just sips it with supper or around the TV.

I may sound like I'm kicking a dead horse but I just feel like making sure you're forewarned. Take my advice before you find yourself locked in one of the big disappointments of your life. Rather than that, here's a tip that may reward you in your search for the ultimate booze refreshment. Mix in more than a little vodka with your ouzo. Get a funnel and pour it in the same bottle. Let the liquids get to know each other for a month or two. By that time you may forget that you ever did it, particularly if you've been hitting other bottles steadily for the duration of that period. Take a hit, it's a good one. Strong, tasty and packs a wallop. A drink for real champs.

And ouzo itself can be had measuring in at 90 proof. Hard to believe how they do all that magic with numbers but you'd swear it was 30-40 proof. Vodka measures in the same vicinity and it lets you know it. Put 'em all together and you've made the numbers folks honest. And you won't be fooling yourself cause you're no fool. Anybody who would mix 'em together and put 'em in a closet for two months can't be much of a fool if you ask me.

One thing very useful about ouzo is that all ouzo bottles make excellent bottles. Many have good corks. Federal law forbids sale or reuse of the bottle, so it's yours and yours alone (unless you wanna give it as a gift, that's perfectly legal). And it sure is a good thing you're not getting anybody else's saliva when you get a bottle. Actually they could do it so you could reuse the bottle if they had a way of insuring that you only poured it out instead of drinking right from the bottle, but that might require constant surveillance which is only good in a police state; maybe they even do it that way in the fatherland (Greece) itself. Another solution to the problem might be a different kind of mouth on the bottle, something on the order of a nozzle, so you couldn't drink directly out of it unless you were an anteater. But such a project could easily make the price prohibitive. That way it would erupt into a truly exclusive drink, and that's a reputation this swill doesn't deserve nohow.

To save drinking money, you can give the used bottles to your mom for Mother's Day at the beginning of May. It'll smell innocent enough, maybe even a little like coffee au



**DOWN THE HATCH** — In setup reminiscent of dentist's chair, a patron of the Cafe Dauphin tries her luck at Gourde drinking while spectator looks on astounded and women passes by in background. Waiter (out of picture) keeps extra napkin handy for dribbles.

lait. But it's just a hint of innocence and this hint of innocence is enough to impart a hunk of glass with loads of importance in the kitchen or dining room or just on the shelf. Out in the garage (for Father's Day) that trace of scent will disappear as dad fills it with anti-freeze or kerosene. If that isn't usefulness nothing is.

It's a great summertime cooler when chilled, great for lolling in the sand and sun: if it's no good for work it's good for play. And play is what you'll be doing, having yourself a good time. Throwing a beach ball, body surfing, digging for clams, getting buried in the sand, splashing around, getting a great tan, and having the genuine time of your life. And what makes it all possible is your ouzo over ice with pineapple-grapefruit juice in a jug.

And there's one thing to say about falling asleep over your drink, it

beats staying up being tired. You might even get so tired you won't be able to get up and turn off the stove. So it's a good thing you're off on your way to dreamland instead of being faced with all the day to day problems of mundane existence. One thing good about a booze sleep is you don't start dreaming until later. Your dreams are late in the game so they're just before you wake up. That way you'll remember them all. You might even awaken to find the world not to your liking, so you just strut your way back to sleep and more great dreams. Dreams are the greatest, that's for sure. You can't get around that. What's greater than dreams? That's a tough one to answer. Maybe after a lifetime of booze you'll be able to come up with one. So get started, Shorty! And Ouzo's as good a place as any to get into full stride. Good luck, sport!

### The Finding of James Cross by *Linda J. Hill*

James Cross was handcuffed every night he was held captive. He watched television, and upon hearing that Pierre Laporte was dead, he was shocked. When he heard that he himself was dead, he felt like jumping out and saying, "I'm alive! I'm alive!" He couldn't though, because he was handcuffed.

When he at last was found, (and the F.L.Q. were sent to Cuba, never to return) James Cross was taken to a hospital for a check-up. It was found that he was all right, except for the marks on his hands from the handcuffs.

His wife and family, (who were in ~~the hospital~~) were very happy to hear the news, and rushed back as fast as they could.

## BOOKS: The FLQ & all that

Anyone for some souvenir programs?

by NICK AUF DER MAUR

Canadians were treated to saturation coverage of Quebec's October crisis (fast becoming an annual event). Both television networks presented hours and hours of live specials, some dragging on for six and seven hours. If one wasn't within view of a TV set, radio filled in the gap with the usual up-to-the-minute-continuous-non-stop-news-coverage. And, of course, the press had a field day. Great splashes of colour, raging headlines, page after page, ream after ream of copy told Canadians "all the news that fits."

But after it was all over, most Ca-

nadians after being inundated with all this information, surfaced with not a wit of understanding. Everything the politicians said and did, just about everything the FLQ said and did, was chronicled for the moment. Every superficial fact emerged. But out of it, little was cohesive or led to any new consciousness. Right?

Fortunately, the Canadian publishing industry is going to put it all into perspective. In a great outburst of public awareness, combined with the dollar smell from the most sensational news story ever, the instant books are starting to roll off the

presses. There are at least a dozen, most of them with the "complete, authoritative story behind the story."

Some have already appeared, while the rest are in various stages of production.

Not having seen most of them, let alone having read them, I'll proceed to tell you about them.

First, the Montreal Star's effort compiled by James Stewart: "Seven Years of Terrorism: The FLQ." In the great tradition of "you can't follow the game without knowing the players," the Star produced a slick, glossy souvenir program, outlining the FLQ's brief but explosive history. There are a lot of pictures and its the right program size. The list of players and the rules of the game are fairly complete, a perfect memento to be stored in an attic chest for future generations.

The next one out was "Kidnappe par la Police," by Dr. Serge Mongreau who works in a citizen's health clinic and doubles as president of an organization providing aid to political prisoners. It tells of his arrest, incarceration and subsequent release without charge by the police, replete with suitable poetic and philosophic reflections. An added bonus is a near complete list of almost everyone arrested. A must for all reference libraries.

Another French one out is "Terrorisme et Justice" (or "Between Liberty and Order") by two lawyers and Denis Szabo of the U de M's criminology department. It accords wide latitude towards views on political crimes and compares Canada's approach to these and other troubled times with that of France, Great Britain, Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy and the U.S.S.R. From the point of view of international law and precedent, there are such things as political crimes despite the posturings of some politicians.

Not to be outdone by the Star's Stewart, two Gazette reporters, George Radwanski and Kendall Windeyer, have collaborated with Pocket Books to produce something called "No Mandate But Terror." A graduate law student and stringer for Time magazine, Mr. Radwanski, according to Mark Starowicz, (one of his closest friends), has ambitions to be a Liberal Member of Parliament. It is said this book should aid his cause.

La Presse reporter Jean Claude Trait says he decided to write "FLQ 70: Offensive d'Automne" when he heard all the English were producing them. It is a chronological history

continued on page 30

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## BOOKS: I, a WASP?

A minority reading-list

by SEAN KELLY

The oppressed people of the world are, as everybody knows, the yellow and black races, the working class, Quebecois, Jews, homosexuals, students, and women.

There can't be *that* many white, middle class, anglophone, gentile, straight male teachers. Like me. And I am well aware that if all 75 (or so) of us got together and did a suicide-pact number, the millenium would dawn for the wretched of the earth. But it's not about to happen. Because we're having so much fun.

We get our rocks off, you see, watching documentaries and reading books and articles exposing and flaying us. I shouldn't actually let you all in on this, but I'm sure that if the wretched of the earth would shut up for a couple of months, we'd get so bored that we'd wither away, issuing in that new morning of peace

love and freedom.

As things are, we'll simply go one, fucking over your minds, putting *Student as Nigger* on our courses and giving our wives *Sexual Politics* for Christmas.

Life has been made a little easier for the old school Gestetner operator this year by the issuing of *Student as Nigger* in paperback. Actually, copies were always available dirt cheap, from the Queens Printer, as the essay had been read, dirty words and all, into the Hansard of Canada's Senate. But the new book contains other essays and stories by Jerry Farber as well — there's a manifesto which elaborates, in rhetoric much less like the underground masturbation style of the original *S as N* what is wrong with our schools and there's a “Four fold Path of Student Liberation” which, if followed dile-

gently by students, will make life a living hell for thier oppressors. Us. Which, of course, we will love.

Farber has included a kind of prison diary (he spends a lot of time getting busted for worthy causes, you see), which, added to the works of Genet, Robert Scheer, Nick Auf der Mer and all, gives us Wasp masochists the added thrill of feeling guilty because we're on the outside. Perhaps a new movement could get started there .... convict lib. Shit, I'd have to moonlight as a warden to keep up my perfect record as Mr. What's-Wrong-With-The-World ....

And there's a piece (fiction? *réportage*?) about a Love Duel between the leaders of two hippie tribes in San Francisco which is screamingly funny about the Peace and Love freaks without being a put down on them. For a change.

But, while I wait the translation of Valliere's *Negres Blancs* (I already feel exquisite pangs of self recrimination for having to read it in translation), my favorite flagellation device remains Kate Millet's *Sexual Politics*.

I like to think of the meeting down there at Random House, where the publishers got together and realized they could make a fucking fortune off us 76 male Wasp teachers by issuing an expensive Women's Lib book. The moment of panic when they realized they hadn't a manuscript, the frantic search, and sighs of relief at “Well, it's not exactly a book, but I did manage to come up with a PhD thesis this broad wrote, pissing all over Mailer and Henry Miller....”. And a best seller was born.

What's really fun about the book is not the crucifixion (my God, I almost wrote castration) of Henry Miller and Freud as male chauvenist pigs (pronounce as one word) — we all knew that — but the fact that Kate goes on to skewer Norman Mailer and D.H. Lawrence, two all time Liberal good guys, swerves to take shots at such forgotten Quislings in the battle of the sexes as John Ruskin (for gods sake!) and then lights into everybody's hero type good guy, Erik Erikson.

She concludes by making a bid for the Jean Paul Sartre award of the year, nominating Jean Genet as the only guy who tells it like it is. (Simone de Beauvois is rumored to be just livid with jealousy, and has gone on record as wishing to scratch that American bitch's eyes out.)

*Sexual Politics*, however, is just

Continued on page 30



## AN OPEN LETTER TO LEONARD COHEN

Dear Leonard,

The "mystique" of modern man is one of revolt. Between the spirit of revolt and the spirit of submission there is no communication: like oil and water they neither mix nor understand one another: they speak different languages or lead incompatible lives; there is between them a fundamental divergence of imagination and sensibility, to say the least of it. This spirit of revolt has nothing to do with the holy wrath that is by definition directed against error and vice, but is rather a case of pride posing as posing as victim; it marks both a "hardening" and a "freezing" of the soul; it is a spiritually deadly petrification—for hatred is inseparable from it—and an agitation without issue which only intelligence and grace can conquer.

May the Lord have Mercy Upon You.  
Robert Hershorn

Dear Robert,  
You are often in my thoughts.  
Thank-you for your counsel and  
your blessings.  
May the Lord inform your loneliness  
Leonard

from page 29

the *Das Kapital* of the movement. The really terrifying guerilla handbook of Women's Lib has been in print for some time now. And has it ever been in print. Millions of copies, picked up at the supermarket, where where it nestles innocently beside the Readers Digest, by millions of housewives. It's called *The Sensuous Woman*, and behind its Cosmopolitan facade, there's dynamite. Although the authoress, who calls herself "J", makes the customary tuggings of the spraynetted forelock to consumerism, home and hubby, the obvious message of the book is that men are schmucks, and limp

ones at that, without whom women could do very well, thank you.

In fact, "J" suggests that men are simply objects to be exploited, financially and sexually, until their bank accounts are empty and their bearing burn out, at which time they can be discarded like old tampons.

It's as if a black man wrote a best seller to the effect that we're fucking right they have natural rythm and urged his fellows to dance us to death.

Needless to say, when such a book is written, I'll love it. I'll even put it on a black studies course text list. More, I tell you, more ....



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of the October crisis, without editorial slant. It is said his chances for a Liberal nomination are seriously hindered by this book.

On the other side of the fence, Conservative MP David MacDonald put together a booklet, called "Strong and Free", consisting of what are usually called "thoughtful" articles and opinions about the War Measures Act and the consequences. Great for civil libertarians. It is said that if Mr. MacDonald represented an English Quebec constituency instead of one in Prince Edward Island, he would have trouble getting the next Conservative Party nomination.

Those who wanted something factual and readable should turn to to Ron Haggart of the Toronto Telegram who is putting together a book called "Rumours of War." Judging from Mr. Haggart's past experience and reputations and one of Canada's best journalists, this should be the most worthwhile of the lot. Being fair and impartial, Mr Haggart's chances for either a Liberal or Conservative nomination will be seriously diminished by this book.

New Press, publishers of these last two mentioned, are also bringing out a special book issue of Canadian Forum devoted to violence in Canada. Nothing more is known. They are also reported considering the same for Canadian Dimension, the second best left magazine in the country now that Last Post has taken over.

Brian Moore, the Irish author of the Luck of Ginger Coffee and The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne, was in Montreal for the past little while doing research on a possible book about the Liberation Cell of the FLQ. If it turns out, it should be a winner or something of that sort.

The best book not on the subject is by Adele Lauzon, late of the Montreal Star. Toronto publishers James Lewis and Samuels had hoped to put out a Quebec version in English about what has happened and why Miss Lauzon decamped during the crisis and went to Chile to do some about what has happened and why, in Chile. Her first article, published in Poiné de Mire, was entitled: "The Brinks' coup didn't work in Chile."

There are a few other books, pamphlets and assorted odds and ends of which I'm probably not aware. But there you have it. The Collected Works of the October crisis. Canadians can be informed.

And in case you miss the books, I'm told that Laurier LaPierre and Patrick Watson are planning on making a movie.

One way or another, we'll figure this mess out.

# Time for...



Tea for the Tillerman  
CAT STEVENS



Where Do The Children Play?  
Hard Headed Woman  
Wild World  
Sad Eyes  
Miles From Nowhere

But I Might Die Tonight  
I've White  
Forever Young  
On The Road To Find Out  
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Tea For The Tillerman

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